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VINDICIÆ PUBLICÆ:

AN

ODE

TO THE

REAL PATRIOT.

[Price Six-pence.]

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Nil conſcire ſibi; nullâ palleſcere culpâ. HOR.

—*Gratiâ, voce, denique omnibus modis pro alieno ſcelere & flagitio, ſuâ quaſi pro gloriâ, nitebantur.* SALLUST. Bellum Jugurt.

⁂

LONDON:
Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.
MDCCXLI.

Duplicate

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BRITISH MUSEUM

VINDICIÆ PUBLICÆ:

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SAY, *Lælius*, by what Power you claim
A freſh Applauſe from Envy's Spite;
Whoſe Voice and Libel gives you Fame,
As Shades, in Paint, augment the Light.

The Vapour thus which ſtrives to ſhrowd,
When broken, but improves the Day;
Which borrows from the ſcatter'd Cloud,
Its Force diſpels, a nobler Ray.

Had the great Orb along the Air
  Mov'd with one clear and conſtant Light;
The Beams he ſhed, had look'd leſs fair,
  The Flame he pour'd, had ſeem'd leſs bright.

If then Sedition wings her Dart
  Thy Peace to wound, or Honour ſtain,
Survey thy own calm guiltleſs Heart,
  And tell the Shaft it flies in vain.

What learned Sage the Maxims gave,
  To modern Fame which point the Way?
'Tis Guilt, 'tis Treachery, now to ſave;
  'Tis Praiſe, 'tis Virtue, to deſtroy.

Already great thy Glory ſhews,
  Each god-like Gift and Merit thine;
The Vengeance only of thy Foes
  Cou'd make that Glory brighter ſhine.

Thus from its Flame the tortur'd Gold
  New Worth and Luſtre does acquire,
Which, often try'd, we ſtill behold
  Riſing more valued from the Fire.

What Fate more envy'd canſt thou chuſe,
  What future Shaft or Danger fear,
When Pride, that wou'd thy Worth accuſe,
  Plants thee in every Heart more dear?

If for your Zeal in *Britain*'s Cauſe,
  The Envy of her Sons you live;
Take from yourſelf your own Applauſe,
  The beſt and nobleſt Heaven can give.

Oft in your ſelf with Smiles retire,
  And your own Breaſt with Joy attend;
Pleas'd in each Action to admire
  The Stateſman yielding to the Friend.

Thou and the Palm depreſt, are one;
  Her Branches ſhooting up the Skies,
Which from the friendly Weight alone
  Does wider ſpread, and faſter riſe.

When ſanc'd at thee, keen Envy's Dart
  Is like the *Pelian* Jav'lin found;
Whoſe healing Point reliev'd the Smart
  Which juſt before transfixt the Wound.

Let Rage or Folly then deplore
  Thoſe Schemes, the Good and Wiſe admire,
While *Philip* dreads thy Counſels more
  Than *Cathcart's* Sword, or *Vernon's* Fire.

Cou'd he thy Fate or Fall ordain,
  Or greatly triumph in thy Doom,
His Fleets again might awe the Main,
  And *Britain* bend once more to *Rome*.

To ſtarving *Mawer* lend your Purſe
  For Bread each Week who prints and lies;
His Journals now, that rail and curſe,
  Will then applaud and own you wiſe.

Ah! think not *Curlo*'s Speech or Pen
  Is acting now a Patriot's Part;
Give him his dear Battoon agen,
  He bows—and ſends you back his Heart.

Let then his weeping well-taught Eye
  Lament o'er *Britain*'s dying Fame;
Tho' Freedom is the Cant and Cry,
  'Tis Power—'tis Title is the Aim.

Tho' *Tully* does your Periods grace,
  Or Reaſon tries his Smiles to gain;
Shew him his Patent or his Place—
  'Till then—you ſtrive to pleaſe in vain.

Go

Go *P****! ſtrike the threatned Blow,
Thy Country's Safety to maintain;
The Wound will pleaſe a double Foe,
By *C——t* wiſh'd, as well as *Spain*.

If then her impious Sons ſhou'd move
Thy Heart to murmur at thy Fate;
Oh place thy *Britain*'s Smiles and Love
Againſt a Faction's Scorn or Hate!

Tho' Treaſon ſhou'd thy Life defame,
The Stateſman's Sorrow to repreſs,
With the mad few, who curſe or blame,
Oh think of thoſe who praiſe and bleſs.

To the mad giddy Tribes that rave,
Th' Ambitious and the Weak reſign;
The Juſt, the Calm, the Good, the Brave
When *George*, when *Britain* calls, are thine.

To *Ch—f—ld* give up the Reſt;
To him the merry Troops belong;
Who guide wiſe Senates with a Jeſt,
And govern Empires with a Song.

How wou'd the Choice thy Foes engage,
If Senſe for Humour thou wou'dſt quit;
Perſuaſion change for Rant and Rage,
And Reaſon leave, to pleaſe with Wit!

Yet ah! be cautious how you err,
Too fond of your own fav'rite Schemes;
Who Truth to Viſion dare prefer,
Subſtance too oft to Shade and Dreams.

Thy Wiſdom ſhall with *Cato's* vie,
Oh *George!* and be with Wonder read;
Wou'dſt thou chaſe [illegible] from thy Eye,
And place good St. *John* in his ſtead.

Go ſpurn at Thrones! and Kings deſpiſe;
Inſult or ſcorn their wiſe Commands;
And for thy Virtue take the Prize,
The Patriot Wreath from *G—w—ll's* Hand!

The Plans he kindly does provide,
To guard our Fame, augment our Joy,
Do not with cruel Smiles deride,
And after, with a Breath deſtroy!

Pity the Work and Toil of Years
So ſoon ſhou'd fleet and die away!
And *Scotia*'s Schemes, and *Twick'nam's* Leers
Be loſt and vaniſh in a Day!

Yet while they envy thy Repoſe,
And view thy ſhining Fame with Pain;
'Tis ſtrange, that *Britain*'s Friends and Foes
Shou'd think alike in [illegible] Reign!

Thy

Thy Pallas then no more attend
For Wiſdom's Gift, a Realm to guide,
Since Wit wou'd be much more thy Friend
Were *Swift* or [illegible] to decide.

What hidden Powers doſt thou enjoy!
What School ſo odd a Genius gave!
When States that Prudence wou'd deſtroy,
Thy Weakneſs helps ſo oft to ſave!

Oh ſtill in Freedom's Cauſe be bold,
And the bleſt Scene with Tranſport meet;
Cruſh'd by thy Arms, who doſt behold
Rage dead—or dying at thy Feet!

Let this thy generous Spirit inflame,
Repel or [illegible] each venom'd Dart;
To know the Pen that [illegible]
Cou'd [illegible], [illegible] thy Heart.

See

See to their midnight Cells thy Foes,
Trembling to view the Light, repair;
The Sun, and noonday Brightneſs cloſe
By thee, to ſhew thy Acts more fair!

There dire Remorſe, and conſcious Shame,
Vaniſh'd all Hope, each Terror near,
Fret in each Boſom —— while thy Name
Adds to thoſe Pangs, they feel, or fear.

What Wreath ſhall *Britain* then provide
Her Guardian's pious Brow to grace?
Cloſe by what great Deliverer's Side
The Trophy raiſe, or Statue place?——

Naſſau, or *Tully*——take thy Choice,
With both their Powers at once poſſeſt;
While one with Strength inſpires thy Voice,
And one with Courage arms thy Breaſt.

Yet

Yet the carv'd Stone, to others kind
  Shall ne'er expreſs, tho' touch'd with Art,
The Firmneſs of thy noble Mind,
  Or Softneſs of thy pitying Heart.

One Bliſs howe'er you muſt diſclaim,
  Which your own Virtue does deſtroy—
To hope from Heaven a future Fame
  More fair, than that, you now enjoy.

Beyond the Reach of Fortune's Power,
  Lelius his Peace is wiſely caſt;
Pleas'd with himſelf, whoſe preſent Hour
  Can ſteal a Gladneſs from the laſt.

That Peace is thine! whoſe Thought can view
  Compleated in thy Patriot Breaſt,
Thoſe Schemes, thy Love and Wiſdom drew
  To make thy Country [illegible] and bleſt.

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F I N I S.

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Thoſe Schemes, thy Love and Wiſdom drew
To make thy Country FEAR'D and BLEST.

FINIS.